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JOSEPH IN THE PIT.

—ALSO—

COME LET US REASON,
THE MAN WITH A GOOD WIFE,
MOTHER'S COMING, WILLIE,
ETC., ETC.

Copyright only on the one entitled, The Man with a Good Wife.

BY THE AUTHOR,
JOHN M. RICHMOND,

THOMPSONVILLE, CONN.

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PRINTED FOR THE PUBLISHER.

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INTRODUCTION.

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Fellow citizens, townsmen, neighbors, etc. I present before you again my little book and I trust you will be pleased with it. It's the best I could do for the present. To those who will not be pleased with it, I will only say, may some one make a better one, and we will all perhaps be better pleased. Just as if some ingenious mechanic will make a better carpet power loom in our village than the one we now have, producing one third more cloth in the same hours with the same weight of coal, we shall rejoice in it fully as much as if a citizen in any other town had done it, and thousands of manufacturers and others all over the land would rejoice with us; in that as the years roll on we are adding to our knowledge in that that is for the comfort and welfare of many of the sons of Adam's race. But let us also hope that while we are advancing in the arts and in the science of life here, the heart of the world is not standing still, like a frozen frog in winter, cold and heartless.

In this selection, all of them have been recently written, except the one which is a tribute to one whom all the world now acknowledges as brother in the republic of letters, Robert Burns, "A man's a man for a' that." This tribute to his memory was read in our village on his centennial day or evening, and one of our foremost citizens, who heard it read at that time, said it was better than his poem. Allowing an utter poverty of policy in this remark it certainly was frank, hearty and ingenious. But we will let that go for just what it is worth, according to its merit, and time and tide, winds and weather try all things here. But now I have introduced you into it (my book) I leave it in your hands, to think of it and do with it just as you think fit, and if it please you I will be well pleased, and if some are not so, we will endeavor to bear it with patience. Who can please everybody? It cannot be done. Even the angel of the covenant could not please Canaan's sons and daughters and can the best mortal clay that has ever been made in the form of a man or woman please every one? It cannot be done on this little planet. Now, wishing you all, friends and foes, (as well as myself,) the best things for this world or any other our lot may be cast in, for the present, I bid you adieu.

THE AUTHOR.

JOSEPH IN THE PIT.

My God! Why dost thou leave me thus?
Why in this pit, my soul so low;
No fault of mine, Lord, thou dost know.
But for the power of raging lust,
To rot or rust.
Oh, leave me not to jealous rage,
Why should I die before my time?
By brethren in the pit's dark slime.
Oh God, their cruel wrath assuage,
Their hearts engage.
Let not my will, but thine be done.
Am I not in thy loving hands,
At home or in the stranger's lands,
In this deep pit or neath the sun?
Thy will be done.
If I ascend to heaven, there thou
Will keep the weakest of thy lambs;
In hell's deep mouth still in thy hands,
Then will I praise, in reverence bow;
I'll do it now.
What though the sun glads not mine eyes,
Or earth's green carpet feel my feet,
For me no flowers or lilies sweet,
Yet I can see the skies clear eyes,
Christ's star arise.
And though my brethren cast me off,
Like to a coat, thin worn and torn,
In prison here I am not forlorn,
And though they laugh and mock and scoff,
Cast me not off;
And be not wroth in anger hot.
Spare Father, Lord, if Joseph's gone
And some day bring us all safe home.
Why should there be one from the flock,
For Joseph's coat.
Remember him on Salem's plain,
His earlocks wearing thin and white,
His once bright eyes now lose their light,
Oh, when he hears of Joseph, slain,
Lord, ease his pain.
On Salem's plains I have led his sheep,
Carried the weak ones in my arms,
In cold, rife winds and false alarms.
Now look to him, now if he sleeps,
Perhaps he weeps.
In dreams and visions of the night,
Of garments dipped in blood, and torn
Before his eyes a mangled form

And ravenous beasts in furious fight,
 Oh, spare his sight.
 Till he go hence where now thou art
 His comfort and his stay, his rod,
 Doubtless his Father and our God;
 Our brethren's God, although we part,
 Oh, change their heart.
 This thought so sweet sustains my soul,
 Soul mourn not thou as without hope,
 And though my bones in darkness grope,
 And bruised sore, my heart is whole,
 Hope cheers my soul.
 And though my youth seems like the flowers
 That grow around our tents in spring,
 Killed by untimely frosts, I'll sing
 Glad as the birds fresh from the showers
 Sing round our bowers.
 And as we sit within our tents,
 The daylight spent, our labors done,
 We meditate or join the song
 Like Isaac, as his mind was bent,
 The twilight spent.
 Oh, shall I never see them more,
 Will joy not fill our hearts again
 As when we walked o'er Salem's plain?
 Their camels passed with their rich store,
 To Ephrath's shore.
 Nor more high Carmel's hills ascend
 To rob the eagles of their prey,
 Youth's follies on a summer's day,
 But now youth's bloom is near its end,
 Relief, Lord, send.
 Nor more will help to weave the web
 Or spin the thread long in the night,
 Or stories tell by candle-light.
 My life consumes with oil not fed;
 Oh, lift my head.
 But while there's life is their still hope?
 Will not my flesh and blood relent?
 Are they on my destruction bent?
 A father's love gave me the coat;
 Why should they mope.
 Why should their hearts be filled with spite,
 Compared with their's, my works are good,
 But envy is the simple's food.
 Their hearts are hard and frozen tight;
 Oh, send them light!
 Not as I will, but thine be done,
 Yea though my brethren me forsake,
 The orphan's stay, Lord will me uptake.
 'Twould seem my life's short work is done,

Beneath the sun,
 But if thy will, it must be well.
 And now I will lay me down to sleep,
 And may my soul the angels keep
 Just where I am, in this dark cell,
 And all is well.
 I'll lay me down. Hark! what do I hear.
 Hard voices, chattering in a trade,
 Arabs I think of a low grade,
 To buy and sell me now I fear,
 My God, draw near.
 Oh, lift my sinking soul within,
 Sold for a slave, while I have breath
 I will resist unto the death,
 And chained in the marts of populous sin
 Give strength within.
 Oh will it be, must I submit?
 I would rather die alone with thee,
 Poor Joseph, dost thine eyes not see?
 Oh God, draw near me in this pit.
 Its near the bit.
 Be near and show him what to do,
 Before his soul goes through death's gate;
 Teach him to pray and watch and wait;
 Break forth thy light, still as the dew,
 As breaks to few,
 To guide him in mysterious ways.
 He sees not in thy dark design,
 Perhaps now working in thy mind;
 If so, to thee be all the praise.
 To length of days.
 I'll trust thee, I will tie this cord
 Beneath my arms, for youth has charms,
 And, safe as in my mother's arms,
 Or Isaac, of his own accord,
 Obeyed his Lord.
 I'll trust thee on the land or sea
 If thou art with me it is best.
 As Carmel's eagles 'round their nest
 Carry their young where e'er they be.
 I'll trust in thee.
 In faith I will take hold of this band,
 It draws my soul out of the pit.
 Because my Lord does see it fit,
 Though I am weak its his strong hand,
 It draws to land.
 Oh now the blessed light I see,
 Father of light, no doubt it is well.
 Still will I trust, no tongue can tell,
 And none are slaves whom God sets free.
 I'll trust in thee.
 God is my strength and my strong rock.

MARY'S INVITATION.

Come, little sweet one, come away,
 The Saviour wants you near,
 You may come forward with a smile
 And never feel a fear:
 For he is kind, is very kind,
 How sweet his winning smile,
 More sweet than lilies in the fields
 That grow upon earth's soil.
 His look, it is the central sun,
 It sheds a welcome ray.
 There is no frown upon his face,
 You are welcome every day.
 His voice is soft, its music's charm,
 Attracts my listening ear;
 And sure, such music must be sweet,
 Brought from the angel's sphere,
 It soothes the tumults of my soul,
 The troubles in my breast.
 Ah, then fair Eden's in my view,
 Where weary hearts have rest,
 His yoke is easy, burden light,
 He is gentle and is mild;
 He welcomes rebels to his heart,
 Why not a little child.

OUR HORSE.

Jane, see that horse, as noble as that man
 That holds the silken reins firm in his hand,
 How firm he stands, his head uplifted high,
 And what a mild, clear, open, knowing eye.
 His swelling breast expands a mighty power,
 To serve him in the business of the hour:
 He stands firm on his feet with ease and grace,
 Intelligence gleams from his kingly face,
 He is well proportioned, all in every part,
 Strong in his limbs, and strong his swelling heart.
 A docile animal as may be seen,
 A girl may kiss him, or a British Queen.
 Fire in his eye, he bounds o'er hill and dale,
 The racers on time's course scarce see his tail,
 The king of brutes, of all that walks on grass,
 Delight of men and maids or milkmaid lass.
 He serves us well in fields or wagon road,
 Among the beasts, the noblest work of God.

THE BREWER'S HORSE AND DRIVER.

Our brewer man one day took in his hand
 A bucket full of ale for good Le Grand;
 But good Le Grand, he would not touch the ale

Foaming and sparkling in the yellow pail,
 And turned his head as sober horses do,
 "I'll drink your health in sparkling mountain dew."
 And snorting, turned the foaming froth away,
 "No ale for me until the night turns day."
 "You better try it," says the master's man,
 'Be sure it will not hurt the good Le Grand."
 "Ah, will it not? But, will it do me good?
 You must allow it is not horses food."
 "That's true enough, but Lords and Dukes drink ale,
 And why not horses from a pewter pail?"
 "Well, let them drink, I will not say them nay;
 Our noble dukes prefer the fragrant hay."
 "A little draught wont hurt a sweaty horse,
 Tired out with running on the Warwick course."
 "That may be true, but I will not begin,
 Lest from the ale I may leave off on gin;"
 "Well, as you please, I will not force or tease,
 I like your principles, wilt have some peas?"
 "I will, dear Charlie, now with all my heart,
 And when they are done will draw my master's cart."
 "Good on your head, you are still the good Le Grand,
 A willing heart, none more so in the land."

THE BOSS SWEARER.

Why! See that man, pleased with his golden chain,
 He looks and feels it, yet it is a shame.
 Why, how his shame, such treasure on his vest,
 And lustrous diamonds glittering on his breast;
 A monstrous ring shines on his lily hand,
 Bigger than kings in Cal's Bonanza's land;
 He turns his hand, that ladies may admire
 The little brilliants, gleaming full of fire.
 He looks, admires the treasure all can see,
 He looks as handsome as a honey bee.
 A brilliant gem shines on his other hand,
 Another glistens on his swelling band.
 And every one so tempting, rich and rare,
 Would make a Countess or a Duchess stare.
 A glossy hat swells on his empty head,
 His oiled hair, glossy glows, a handsome red,
 And every thing, as some would say, O. K.
 In his fat hand he smells a sweet bouquet.
 His coat is cut off in the latest style,
 And by the cut, cut by the scienced Boyle.
 His pants, most ancient, girls may admire
 While showing off before the parlor fire.
 What dainty boots, and that he seems to know,
 A sportive miss might kiss that dainty toe,
 That looks so fine from Martin's London shine,
 They e'en might please Parnassus sacred nine.

He spits tobacco in the big spittoon,
 And by the squirts no doubt will fill it soon.
 Havana stiate whiffs from his fragrant face,
 He loves Havana as his love loves lace.
 Now take him by the tuft and spin him round,
 He spins as handsome as a silver crown.
 But weary hearts are fill'd with grief and pain
 This glitter shows off more this poor man's shame.
 For hear him talk, he seems all foul within,
 A rotten soul and spirit, stained with sin,
 Within, all rotten, rotting more and more,
 Lamentable sight, sin rotten to the core.
 God's air is tainted with the profane oath,
 E'en children look, and turn with fear, and loath.
 The mothers look, and how their hearts must grieve
 While mongrel gold is glittering to deceive.

THE ROBIN'S TALE.

I came from off the fragrant isles
 Away beyond the seas,
 Where birds of plumage ply their wings
 On Ceylon's spicy breeze;
 My grandma says on that sweet isle
 How often did I roam,
 On spicy gales with lightsome wing,
 Then turn to seek my home.
 When sought and found, then every chick
 Gave me a welcome back,
 A hearty welcome every chick
 Whilst sprawling up my back;
 They chirped for me, I sang for them,
 And we were all so glad,
 Another bird sang o'er our heads,
 It was our happy dad;
 For he was glad to see me home,
 Back from the world turn,
 And singing, welcomed me and mine
 With a great, fat, wriggling worm;
 And I found one, a great big one,
 Fat as a swelling frog,
 I found him crawling in the dirt
 Beside a rotten log.
 I mind the timè on Christmas eve,
 That eve was calm and sweet,
 We eat our meal with thankful hearts,
 Like men we kill and eat.
 When it was past, we sat and sang
 Upon our Christmas tree,
 And others helped us in the choir,
 As glad as birds could be;
 And so we sang in evening's shade

Upon our Christmas tree.
 Until the moon went down the hill
 All blithe and full of glee,
 And then we parted for the night,
 Each to his straw-built nest.
 Our little chicks beneath my wings,
 We warmed each others breast,
 And so we slept till rosy light
 Dispelled the diamond dew,
 But now the Robin's tale is told,
 And I told it all for you.

TRUE AMERICA.

A truly free land in right sense of the word,
 The eagle will soar, the American bird,
 The woolly black sheep is now free as the white,
 Released from the yoke and restored to the right.
 Oh, liberty's goddess may now wave her flag,
 Now the long crushed hearts beat happy and glad,
 No more feel the lash, hear the crack of the whip,
 But sail with the free in Liberty's ship.
 The sails now spread, she speeds her way on,
 Not freighted with souls to build up the wrong,
 And now she sails gaily into free ports,
 May all great nations salute her from forts.
 Well pleased to see the grand jubilee
 In the land of the brave and the home of the free.
 The chains now broken, freed feet on free soil,
 Abe Lincoln's heart glad, the sad hearts now smile.
 America's glad the great work is done,
 Tom's Topsey pleased, claps her hands on the run,
 Shouting, "Golly, Massa, I'se glad for one."

WILLIE'S WISH.

Oh, haste the day when man the world o'er,
 Shall brothers be, their hearts an open door;
 No more stern ribs of steel, cold hearts of flint;
 All hearts one chain, each heart a loving link.

THE SPIRIT OF '76.

Ho! for the dames of '76;
 They gave the old pewter teapot fits,
 The daughter, nimble, tried to put a lock on it,
 But the mother, more fierce,
 Put her foot clean through the bottom of it,
 And swore by all the brooms, in merry laughter,
 They'd live on heavenly dew and boiled water.
 Till they could use the fragrant tea,
 No duties fixed beyond the sea:
 Example rare, in hand all hands now join,
 And throw the weed into the salty brine,

Enough to make a cup for old grim Boreas.
 Ah! deed sublime, magnificent and glorious.
 From this our glorious institutions rise,
 Known through the world,
 Now lauded to the skies.
 Honor to the heroes, all the gallant few,
 Honor to all, to all whom honors due,
 To General Put, of Pomfret town,
 Who pulled the wolf out by the crown,
 And all the rest of them.

TO MISS MERRY.

You are Merry in name and merry in nature,
 Well proportioned and of elegant stature,
 Miss Merry at morn and Miss Merry at night.
 Be as wise as you're merry all the days of your life.

THE SQUIRREL'S TALK.

It was upon a pleasant day,
 A temperance squirrel on his way,
 Thought to go into the city,
 Dressed in his streaked coat so pretty,
 And as he thought he takes the rail,
 Whisking about his bushy tail,
 To see a world of men and things,
 The flying birds with painted wings,
 The boys and girls fresh from school,
 Dressed in their winter coats, all wool,
 And hens and chickens picking corn,
 Picking since ever they were born.
 He gaily goes, he skips along
 Through new mown grass and yellow corn;
 He views the apples on the trees,
 The swallows flying in the breeze,
 Happy in his young eager life,
 And never thinking of the strife
 He skips along, young, hale and fresh,
 Till he came near a cider press,
 And there he saw three swanking lads
 Making cider for their dads,
 He sits him down and looks around,
 Above, beyond and on the ground,
 And says, good morning to you lads,
 You're squeezing apples with your nags,
 But why not water do as well,
 As cider from the running still?
 My grandma says not worth a cent,
 Even to fill a squirrel gent,
 A dog spoke up, you're sauncy now,)
 And at him barked, bow-wow-wow;

I'll learn you for to hold your tongue.
 It seems to me its not right hung,
 And off he darted after squirrel,
 Eager for to pick a quarrel,
 And after him, with might and main,
 You would say it was a perfect shame,
 And men offended with his speech,
 Ran with the dog, and yelled and screeched.
 Such impudence in the young brat.
 You'll make a dinner for our cat,
 And this is just what you deserve,
 Who ever saw such squirrel nerve,
 You're early lecturing in the field.
 Ah! but I know we will make you yield,
 And on they ran to catch him fast,
 You would think each moment was his last,
 But up he leaped the chestnut tree,
 And there he sat and laughed in glee.
 And says, I'll lecture yet awhile,
 And threw a chestnut burr and smiled,
 Your cider isn't worth the tap,
 Go home and dine upon the cat.

MOTHER'S COMING, WILLIE.

I am coming, Willie, where you are,
 I promised when I took your hand
 Before we parted here on earth,
 I would meet you in the promised land;
 Yes we will meet, I have his word,
 The Lord of all the earth says so.
 We know you are happy where you are,
 It makes us happy for to know
 That you are in the goodly land,
 And mother thinks of coming soon,
 And then we will see earth's little bud
 In heaven's air forever bloom.
 It grieved our hearts to part so soon.
 We know the little loves are lent
 And we were willing you should go.
 Health fled, your cheeks wan, worn and spent,
 But Willie, we will soon be on
 And see your pleasant face again,
 In that good land where love and joy,
 Are never mixed with tears or pain.
 I am waiting, Willie, all my time,
 I know, my love, it won't be long
 Till meeting at the pearly gates
 We'll mix among the angel throng.
 Oh, happy day, we all shall meet
 Below fair Canaan's love-lit sky,
 And walk with joy the pleasant streets,
 There, never more will say good by.

ARCHIE'S INVITATION.

The morn is up, the sun is warm,
 The birds are singing clear,
 Come, let us walk down to the shore,
 My bonnie, lovely dear;
 All nature smiles in her new dress,
 The sky above is bright,
 Enjoy our pleasures while we may,
 Or comes old age and night,
 For life is short, soon travelled through,
 We see this every day;
 Why not enjoy the present hour,
 Have songs along the way?
 Now winter's o'er, along the shore,
 Conn's banks are fresh and green,
 The sun's warm rays will kiss our cheeks,
 And happy birds will sing,
 The turtles crawling at our feet,
 There, humble honey bees.
 The squirrels run along the rail,
 While some run up the trees.
 The river's like a mirror seen,
 The laughing waters sing,
 The lambs now frolic on its banks,
 The swallows dip their wing,
 All nature has a joyous look,
 And why will we not joy,
 As when you was a laughing girl,
 And I a red cheeked boy.
 And there are pleasures ever more,
 E'en for the aged heart, t'would seem,
 For age can never close its door
 While pleasures spring within.
 So traveling on we'll live and learn,
 Along the fields of life,
 And joys are doubled, Nelly dear,
 For the man with the cheerful wife.

THE MAN WITH A GOOD WIFE.

Oh! happy the man who has a good wife,
 To bring him great joy all the days of his life.
 This treasure I found some ten years ago,
 We two were sleigh-riding over the snow.
 I mind the time well as but yesterday, .
 Two wrapped in furs sitting quiet in the sleigh,
 So quiet and so still, as if both were alone,
 Like a bashful girl away from her home.
 I said to her, Jane, dost thou see the white snow?
 She bowed her head and softly said no!
 I looked at the girl, but scarcely could speak.

We leaned on each other, we both were so weak.
 I felt quite surprised and looked in her eyes,
 And softly said, Jane, wilt thou be Mrs. Prize?
 She smiled in my face, and sweetly said yes!
 Now, glad in my heart, I imprinted a kiss,
 And then we went merrily over the snow,
 Bounding along like the deer or the roe,
 And that, Brother Joe, was the happy day,
 I found a live girl so quiet in the sleigh;
 So quiet and so still, as if both were alone,
 Like a bashful couple away from their home,
 And ever since then, she's the joy of my life,
 Just one in the world has such a good wife. [grace,
 She's cheerful and bouyant and moves with such
 Her eyes are two stars shining bright in her face,
 Her heart it is true, as good Ruth's was of old,
 Why, the half of her virtues can scarcely be told.
 Oh! happy the man with a treasure like this,
 For joy in this life and rejoicing in bliss;
 This treasure is mine, with her I'll ne'er part.
 While a drop of warm blood runs through this live
 Oh, poor is the man without a good wife. [heart.
 To bring him great joy all the days of his life.

SANDY'S WALK.

Oh, will you walk my little gem,
 Away to Enfield falls,
 To see the fishers draw their nets
 Along the watery walls.
 There, fishers fish for fish, my dear,
 Good pastors draw for souls,
 And candidates on voting day
 Are glad votes come in shoals;
 But we will fish for hearts my dear,
 And, if not easy caught,
 We'll bait our lips with tootsome words
 Along the Douglass' walk;
 And it's a lightsome walk, my dear,
 Along the Douglass' side.
 The birds sing free on ilka bush,
 The waves of waters ride,
 The grass is green, the flowers are fair,
 And perfume shed, if pressed;
 Get on your bonnet, Jeannie, dear,
 If mother thinks it best,
 And have a walk.

JAMES.

Our brother died by slow, by slow degrees,
 As leaves are long in dying on the trees;
 At length he turned to dust from whence part came,
 Though dead to earth, we cherish still his name;
 And still I see the tears on that pale cheek,
 And all those tears; they told of anguish deep;
 Though young in years, death sent his unerring dart,
 And left it settled in the young, sad heart.
 Ah! well I mind that sad, that heavy day,
 Death, laughing, took thee for his lawful prey,
 And all are his. The infant of a span,
 The wife, the mother and the gray-haired old man.
 Our hairs are gray as is the dried grass,
 Our sands, they run like dew drops down the glass.
 A few short years we too will leave this home,
 And as he did, go through death's gate alone.
 And all must go, death conquers every day.
 Or in the broad, or in the narrow way.
 Farewell dear brother for a little while,
 Till clasping hands, I see your winning smile,
 In that good land where are no tears or pain,
 Regrets, remorse or sorrow; or earth's shame.
 Oh, happy day, the river o'er, we meet,
 And kiss each other on the glowing cheek,
 And joy with you, and pluck the fragrant flowers,
 In Eden's fields, around the happy bowers.
 In thoughts like these, I leave this lonesome earth,
 Its empty pride and all its senseless mirth,
 And sing with you, praise to the only one,
 Who won for us the everlasting home,
 And now again, our brother dear, farewell,
 No earth sprung tears flow from the soul's deep well,
 For all are dried, the heart now cleansed hath rest,
 A deep and heavenly calm dwells in the breast.
 So may it be with us when done life's war,
 I'll be content to be then as you are.

ROBERT WINGLESS-SOUL'S SOLILOQUY.

Sweet, No. One, thus ends thy short career,
 Now, o'er thy fins I shed a round, salt tear;
 How long is't since thou left the briny deep,
 Left all thy kind now with thy dead asleep?
 Fresh mack, art thou contented with thy lot,
 Perhaps ere long to boil in Jennie's pot?
 Ah! speckled fish, thy destiny sublime,
 We love thy melters from the salty brine;
 Because for me thou builds flesh, blood and brains;
 For downy cheek, and for young mother's weans.

Your mission good, for this good fish are sent,
 Our fish are happy, No. One's content.
 And now farewell, both No. One and Two;
 Wingless-soul will be some day like you.
 But when he's dead, perhaps down in the brine,
 May he like you, come out all fresh and prime.
 But now, good night until the rosy morn
 We'll pick your bones when Sam blows off his horn,
 What though you're dead your good name still speaks
 While your soft flesh smooths wrinkles on my cheeks.
 But now good night; I trust it will be well,
 It's character that makes a mackerel sell.
 And as we find you, write up all your due,
 As summer friends on Greenwood's tombstones do;
 While flowers grow round, fed from the ashes laid
 Which earth has covered with the sexton's spade.
 Perhaps my bones will help to feed a flower,
 To please a friend, to wither in an hour.
 But is this all that's left of this weak clay,
 Hopes buried, dead, and all in one short day?
 Yes, ravens croak while zephyrs' willows wave,
 All's left of brother's soul lies in the grave.

PRAYER.

But may the fates give me my soul repose,
 As does the souls of those that downward goes.

ANSWER FROM MRS. RAVEN.

How can repose be for a restless soul,
 So far from his true self as pole from pole? [dead,
 Your prayers not heard, your lifeless prayers fall
 They're only filtered through a porous head
 Heartless and cold, like any lifeless thing,
 Prayers to order run through the machine,
 Lie dead as speckled fish e'en No. Nine.
 How unlike Jonah's, when he sailed so fine,
 Tossed in the billows of the auld lang syne.
 But now I'll stop my run upon the course,
 And, if you please, will wipe my sweaty horse;
 The blue eyed muse, tired, also wants to sleep
 Beneath her wings, until young robins peep
 From beneath their mother's wings.

ROBERT WINGED-SOUL.

Earth's not my home, the rock's no kin to me
 Nor yet the teeming life that's in the sea;
 Nor pearls pure in Ceylon's ocean lie,
 No kin to me, my pearls a'yont the sky;

To him my soul's on wing most when alone,
 The great birds live on fish, their souls go down,
 The plumaged birds enjoy their lives while here,
 And when they are dead, no young birds shed a tear.
 They live to sing their pleasures here below, [glow,
 While helpless worms in soft earthed green turf
 No worms eat up God's souls down in the grave,
 Nor yet the eager life in ocean's wave.
 But what poor feed false dried up souls for those,
 They'd starve, grow lean; they'd wish their worm life
 But when this body dies, God's souls more new, [closed
 More new than is the morning crystal dew.
 If crystallised pure they live a sacred trust,
 Heaven's ethereal gift turns not to dust.
 No, no, the soul, the man can never die,
 This spirit from himself the triune I;
 A winged soul, e'en traveling on earth's road,
 Claims for its author the only one, true God.
 The owner of us all, this guide, our friend,
 The beginning, the middle and the end.
 Is now my friend, no more my soul goes down,
 She wings her way e'en to the angelic throng;
 Her eyes, now opened, sees a world new,
 The modest flowers now wear a brighter hue;
 The grass more green, the limpid waters laugh,
 Compared to what is now, the past is chaff.
 Oh! could I buy the past with fields of gold,
 Or countless gems the restless oceans hold,
 Life of my soul, I would give that all to thee,
 But now my restless soul hath peace, is free.
 And now I lay me down in peace and sleep,
 For now my soul the winged angels keep,
 They whisper in mine ear the sweetest things,
 Often I hear the rustling of their wings,
 Heart of my youthful days, in life's young dawn,
 Beats now as free as does the forest fawn,
 My home, yea, now is sweeter to my taste,
 Joy in the heart is a continual feast.
 Hope springs exultant on her eager wing,
 My heart, so glad, is filled with songs to sing,
 Christ's pearls now, not thrown (like me) to swine,
 Christ's pearls now are treasured in my mind.
 Pearls, so pure, are now no more my jest,
 Of ray serene they shine within my breast.
 Souls wrestle now for Christ if all the night,
 Until the victory's won in morning's light.
 Yea, though you dislocate this rebel jaw
 That has broke through half of his written law,
 Until this rebel tongue is stiffed by death,
 Sweetest of names, I'll lisp in fleeting breath;
 Yes, till my lips are sealed, this last word (Jesus) said,

The battle's won, the crown is on my head;
 My soul, now home, she plies her lighter wings,
 I hold sweet converse with the King of Kings;
 Praise to his name, his will is now my own,
 God's smile makes heaven all round his central home;
 Praise to his name, my soul is filled with light,
 Americans, its now no longer night,
 My eyes now opened, see.

COME, LET US REASON.

Who can search out God's mysteries here below,
 How various colors on the lilies glow?
 Or tell how on the soaring eagle's wing,
 The colors blend, or how the skylarks sing?
 Ourselves a mystery, but one, yet three;
 Ajar in some, with some they all agree.
 In Nero, far apart, a rebel war,
 Intestine strife, his nature all ajar.
 You say but one, yet three, how can that be?
 My eyes are weak, the inner eye don't see.
 Well, gentle Dan, I'll tell you, if I can,
 We have the mental, physical and moral man;
 Three natures, wide apart, yet so but one,
 As a father sees in his only son;
 Yes, one, yet three, and just one and that's all,
 The body's not the man, it's but the servant.
 Obeys my will, to do as is my will,
 And if it's treated well, will serve us well;
 The intellectual and the moral man,
 Supreme, the moral man should be, o'er all.
 To reign o'er all, the whole, this part the best,
 While here to guide us on unto the end;
 My bones and flesh, not me as all may see,
 The spirit spurs the whole to action great.
 Sever the intellectual part, and part
 Of me is out; take out the moral man
 And all's left out, and what is left of me
 Is nought but dust that crumbles, a spadeful
 Of ashes laid, so what makes me must be
 From the divine one sent; the dust part made
 From dust, the rest from him whose essence
 Lives within, not seen, and yet is seen in all,

His power in heaven and earth is always felt,
 Not sprung from earth, dead matter this.
 Nor life, nor hope can spring from lifeless things.
 Who can by searching search out the great God?
 The horse as well may search his master through.
 How weak to think, weak man can search God
 The mortal search out the immortal one, [through,
 Who made His creatures here for service best.
 Beasts have the brawn, but man has all the rest.
 To serve him here and serve with joy in heaven,
 While here he gives to all to serve each best.
 Some men have muscle, how little of the rest.
 To babes, he gives bright eyes and winsome ways,
 Their strong defence, while in their youthful days,
 He gives great strength unto the lion bold,
 But harmless lambs must find the shepherd's fold.
 There's mysteries all around if eyes will see;
 Hid in the earth and in the boiling sea.
 Where great whales spout, around their young ones
 They serve with oil to light us on our way; [play,
 And diamonds stored, for heat to toast our toes,
 How long stored up the landlord only knows.
 Yes, Dan., his care is seen in all his ways,
 Our Father's God, the Ancient of Days.
 His care well seen in the sheath for young corn,
 Defence from chills and the devouring worm;
 That we may live to give thanks all our days;
 Man's reasonable service is, to give him praise;
 But hearts are cold as pride, since Adam's fall,
 This was the blow lang syne that ruined all,
 But damaged goods, though frail, can be restored,
 To find the way, Dan., is to ask the Lord.
 To make you happy here in all your ways,
 Again man's reasonable service most in praise.
 How many reasons, Dan., should be his child,
 His yoke is easy, Father's rule is mild:
 One reason more, your granny's heart did cheer,
 While his heart broke, he cared for Mary here;
 One mystery more, the word made flesh for man;
 But here I'll stop, for fear I say too much, Dan.

GRANDMOTHER'S TEMPERANCE.

When in a company like this,
 I have seen a youth without a stain;
 He takes a glass into his hand,

Here's to your health, I'll now begin.
 He drinks away from time to time,
 Until he makes himself a shame,
 And rolling on the street with dirt,
 He says I'll take a drink o't yet.
 But all young men, I would you warn.
 To drink no drink to do you harm,
 But drink the drink we brew at hame,
 For that will never bring you shame.

BITTER BREEKS.

You're just a little bitter Breeks,
 And that we well can see;
 The de'ils have two horns on their heads,
 It's well seen you have three.
 The big boss de'il he has a tongue
 It's very seldom locked,
 But bitter Breeks is always primed,
 To go off when half-cocked,
 She owns acute, erected ears,
 To hear the angels whisper.
 But such an angel as she is,
 Would be a poor man's blister.
 This de'il he has remorseless e'en,
 To wither rosy cheeks,
 But Willie says no half as gleg,
 As the e'en o' bitter Breeks,
 She is high strung from head to foot,
 All in this world's style,
 She twists her shoulders, yanking round
 As if troubled with a boil,
 Her draggled tails sweep off the walk,
 Oh, my! she cuts a swath,
 While graceless swearers on the streets
 Look on and smoke and laugh.
 This wingless angel has high airs,
 But let her now alone,
 For humble mortals must confess
 She belongs to the high tone,
 Like some pretentious, make-up cloth,
 And wide apart the steeks,
 But who will dare to say it's so
 With little bitter Breeks?
 To say it's so, or half as much,
 Pale would be that man's cheeks,
 I'll not say't, I'll draw in my horns,
 For fear of bitter Breeks.

ROBERT BURNS.

Hark! hear the feathery songster's wild wood note,
 A shining bard has fell of no mean note;
 For many days his songs have led the way,
 The truest, sweetest Poet of the day.
 Lament, old Scotia's sons, for he has gone,
 Who cheered the heart of Britain with sweet song:
 His voice is heard no more on Mossiel hill,
 The two did part that sat by Willie's mill:
 Those scarlet lips are closed, he hears no sound,
 His trembling harp on willows hangs unstrung.
 Of independent mind and feelings fine
 He was the favorite of the tuneful nine.
 These sparkling gems shine fresh on every page,
 Like evergreens the same in youth and age.
 His mission now fulfilled, his life was brief;
 Our Poets frame lies mouldering in Dumfries.
 His ploughing through time's fields is long since by,
 Illustrious name, such spirits never die,
 Illustrious name, while Saturn's rings wheel 'round.
 Upon his hundreth year our Poet's crowned,
 Lord Brougham proudly honored him that day,
 And polished Everett gladly led the way,
 And fertile Beecher spread his eagle wing,
 Ran to embrace so glorious a theme,
 A shining brilliant, two in a ring.
 They all proclaim let genius crown him king;
 On hawthorn branches, robins tune your pipes,
 Our singing Robin now has got his rights:
 In shady woods let linnets sing away,
 And Willie wag-tails wag, Rob's won the day;
 And Luath and Caesar wide spread out your lug,
 And cozy lie on Kellie's carpet rug,
 Contented rest, nor show your teeth nor snarl,
 Your master, kind, has won his wreath and laurel.
 Lament no more, all honest-hearted men,
 The best admit the verdure of his pen.
 And bonnie lassies sing by air and down,
 Like the century plant, your townsman's in full bloom,
 Sweet warbling bard, thine eye is long since fast,
 Thy sun in clouds has long been overcast,
 But rises now triumphant in the east,
 And gilds the dawn where England's consins feast,
 The rights of man did ever fire his tongue,
 America re-echoed back the tune,
 From Ocean's line methinks we now are brothers,
 Sprung from old England's genial hearted mothers.
 Forever may we join in friendship's grasp,

Our outstretched hands extended firm and fast,
 May smiling peace sit down with rampant Mars,
 The lion pleased with the stripes and stars.
 In manhood's prime his thread of life was run,
 Who now will spin a Highland Mary's song,
 Who now will tune that sacred, heavenly harp,
 Touching the strings of every manly heart.
 Now guardian angels have him in your care,
 And guide him on to angel Mary there,
 There, souls expand, in depths of knowledge rove,
 And scale the heights of pure celestial love,
 On mother earth plant willows round his tomb,
 There, Scotland's birds will sing their sweetest song,
 While weary pilgrims sit beneath their shade,
 Where lies a noble one our God has made.

WALTER'S GIRL.

If I could wear you near my heart,
 My loving, gentle Jean,
 I would not mind the world's wealth,
 A headless, broken pin,
 Or broken button of my shirt,
 If you were only kind,
 A gentle lassie every way,
 Just snited to my mind.
 We would let the world strut and strive,
 They always want for more,
 But living in each other's hearts,
 We'll let the world roar.
 Yes, let them roar till they are hoarse
 As sailors on the sea,
 I'll ever sail with gentle Jean,
 If her and me agree.

MIDDLETOWN, CONN.

BY REQUEST.

Hail, Middletown! Thy shady streets
 Where friends and neighbors often meet
 Beneath thy towering elms and oaks,
 A sure retreat from old Sol's strokes.

Thy wynding river daily roves
 Down to the sea in calm repose;
 On either side the mountains rise,
 Their lofty peaks point to the skies.
 There wild woods grow and roses bloom,
 Like man to fade and wither soon;
 Some hours to spread their fragrance round,
 Then lie low, buried in the ground.
 Here, once the red, wild Indian roamed,
 None to dispute the whole he owned;
 His wigwam, planted on the plain,
 Was his by right, once all he claimed,
 Wild nature in her solitude
 Supplied his wants, his daily food.
 The fleet deer, bounding o'er the hill,
 Was his repast, reward of skill.
 Now all is changed, what do we see?
 A land of plenty, liberty.
 All peoples from their homes afar
 Flocking for the western star;
 Now cities rise in splendor regal,
 Protected by the American eagle.
 Long may she wave a land of the brave,
 Nor Liberty here at last find a grave.

A VALENTINE TO MISS MARY.

I send you now a valentine,
 Just for the days of auld lang syne;
 If any other name it's called,
 Tom ready stands to be installed.
 But may you walk in pleasant ways,
 Sunshine attend you all your days,
 And, when life's clock is beyond eleven,
 May you sing old hundred up in heaven.

NIAGARA FALLS.

Niagara Falls, when first did thou see light,
 Thy waters flashing in the sunshine bright;
 Mirroring in thine own reflected rays
 The devious nooks of dark, sequestered ways.
 When in that week, God said our work is done,
 Did then thy waters leap into the chasm?
 Or has some awful earthquake shook the earth
 In agony, this wonder giving birth?
 Rumbling and tumbling, roaring as she leaps,
 Fearless and tireless, your waters never sleep,

Nor never pauses to gather power,
 But rushes on with vigor every hour.
 Roll on, roll on, ye mighty waters, roll,
 Could all the world combined thy powers control,
 Or say with one, loud voice, your roaring cease,
 Go, flow in gentle streams, and roam in peace.

BLETHERING WATTIE.

Below these stones lies Wattie's bones,
 Of death there is no doubt;
 Oh, but his was a blethering soul,
 It's gone along the spout;
 But when it flew to hell's dark door,
 Nine tailors roared out,
 If blethering Wattie's coming here,
 Boss Devil, let us out.

THE DEVIL'S ANSWER.

I would, my friends, with all my heart,
 If I could free myself,
 Nine thousand years I have been here,
 The Lord does all things well.

THE GROCER.

Ye friends and patrons of this goodly place,
 I come before you in this year of grace,
 As in the past, in future try to please,
 In eggs and butter, lard, and good old cheese;
 Flour, from the virgin fields of grain out West,
 Your wives confess our flour the very best;
 Potatoes good, the smooth skinned early rose,
 Eat them in peace and conquer all your foes;
 Fish of the sea and winged fowls of air,
 But try our mackerel that are rich and rare;
 The autumn fruits that serve for winter use,
 That swell your pies, they fill them full of juice,
 And those in cans they keep the year all round,
 Found in all climes, they're always fresh and sound;
 Ham, beef from cattle fed on clover sweet,
 And fat of lambs, and swine, and bleating sheep;
 Poultry in season, sometimes quail and snipe
 Shot by the fowler, for his wife's delight;
 Biscuits of various kinds, the very best,
 To grace your table for the wedding guest;
 Choice flavored teas from China's flowery hills,
 To cheer your spirits working in the mills;

Our coffee, aromatic, rich and
 We took the medal at the Paris
 Malaga raisins, juicy, full of fat.
 Might tempt the gizzards of the doctors;
 Puddings, with these so fat, so full so rich,
 Might charm the innards of the Czarowitch:
 The blood of grapes well pressed, a blessed wine
 From Cana's fields in glorious Palestine;
 This wine will freeze out all the frozen life
 Of single men who ought to have a wife;
 E'en make the heart of drooping widows sing
 As warbling larks sing blithesome in the spring;
 It's true, my friends, there's not a word astray,
 It's just as true as the doctor's one horse shay.
 And many things too numerous now to name,
 Plasters and drugs, to help the sick and lame;
 To tell of all the things inside our store
 It might be written, patrons, more and more.
 But come and see us, for your friends or wife,
 Perhaps sweet Mary wants a carving knife,
 While on we float upon the streams of life;
 But now I'll stop, the outs put in for inns,
 We've just got in a lot of napkin rings,
 And warbling birds, for hats, with yellow wings,
 And other things.
 Call soon and see us.





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